

Tattersall's Club Magazine

OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 11. No. 6. 1st August, 1938



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TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club 157 Elizabeth Street Sydney

Vol. 11.

AUGUST 1, 1938.

No. 6

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 10th September, 1938. Principal Event: The Chelmsford Stakes. Entries close on 29th August, 1938.

The Club Man's Diary

August birthdays: Messrs. J. H. Saunders, 4th; J. Logan, 6th; G. Keighery 8th; W. W. Hill, 11th; E. O. Walcot, 13th; Professor J. D. Stewart, 18th.

I always seem to write a birthday ode about the weather,

Someone informs me, adding: "why the dickens don't you tether

Your Pegasus to subjects more or less romantic?

That may be so but oftentimes I'm frantic

Seeking a rhyme to greet all in full measure.

With tankards foaming we shall drink together

Pledging a toast, our memories retaining

Old days, old ways, and friendships never waning.

And thus, regardless of the blessed weather.

We'll dodge this season's chill of our displeasure.

Within our hearts the August sun shall shine as in December,

Bright with the light of bygone years, a token to remember.

Outside it was a wet and cheerless afternoon, but inside the sun was shining—inside a hospital at that! Mr. J. H. O'Dea had made it so. After a delicate operation on one of his eyes—an ordeal demanding a good deal of fortitude—I had expected to find him a trifle washed out. But there he was, packed up and ready to leave—and smiling.

"John," I said, "You look well." That was honest. "And I am well," he answered. He went on to talk brightly of outside affairs and, in a short time, he was thanking all who had cared for him, before departing. Save for that grateful recollection, the detachment was complete.

What is it that some men have that often fails to rally to others in a crisis? Perhaps courage sums it up. It is an unconquerable possession and, I think, you either have st or you haven't it.

This is not the place to express a prejudice for any football code, however our traditions may tempt us. All games claim our interest and afford us pleasure. It is good nevertheless that recollections be kept alive. When Tattersall's Club entertained the All Blacks at a smoke concert, I had a rush of recollections, for hadn't I met the co-manager, Mr. Alec McDonald, 30 years previously, in Brisbane? Member of the 1905 All Blacks, from whom derived the now historic name, he was of the 1907 team to visit Australia, and which had the majority of the 1905's in its ranks. I remember as a young newspaper man, having been detailed to write a brief commentary on the players.

The manager had gone half-way through the forwards. Alec. Mc-Donald entered the room, was introduced and retired. "You've just met one of our really great forwards," the manager said. Unfortunately, Mr. McDonald did not see that match out. If my memory serves, he retired with an injured back. Then it was that the greatest forward on which I have ever set eyes, Seeling, played the parts of three forwards. Later he joined up with an English League Club and, like Mr. McDonald in N.Z. Rugby Union, played into his mid-thirties.

I have a glorious recollection of the great W. J. Wallace and Freddy Roberts, at practice on the old 'Gabba ground, taking the ball in flight and finding the line from 25 to 25. You do not see it today in Union or League. But they were extraordinary men of an extraordinary era.

It was Wallace who told me that an International back should never drop a pass, nor give a pass in a way other than to ensure of its being held.

Perhaps you will say that I am wedded to the old players. Not so. I am wedded to the old game. We cannot drink a finer toast than to Memory.

To those still with winter colds: The sneezeson's greetings. One day you meet Mr. E. J. Coote playing dominoes in the Club Room. Next day (or so it seems) you see him on the deck of a liner returning (generally) from a trip to the East. It should be an even money bet as to whether Mr. John Fuller has been more times to New Zealand than Mr. Coote has made trips to Shanghai.

Alderman E. S. Marks underwent an operation in the Mater Misericordia Hospital but is up now and about again with that sprightly tread that distinguishes his days as an amateur athlete. He has been for very many years an office-bearer of the N.S.W. Amateur Athletic Association and of the Australian Olympic Federation and has represented the Commonwealth at Olympic Games. Indeed, he is all the books written of his section of amateur athletics rolled into one. He adds an amazing memory to an equally amazing enthusiasm and the spirit of sport at its finest dwells within him.

After his recent illness, Sir John McKelvey left on a bracing sea voyage to Honolulu. Lady McKelvey, who accompanied him, will proceed to San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Dr. V. R. Meek, who recently obtained his medical degree, has gone on a world tour.

Mr. G. H. Rayner left for Europe on July 22.

Mr. Joseph Coen, son of Dr. Coen, is en route to Europe and the U.S.A. He will be away two years.

As he was about to return to Australia after a business tour, Mr. F. C. Barnett died suddenly in America. Only 40 years of age he was a distinguished man of business. For a number of years he was associated with Stuart Walker and Co., and then transferred to the motor trade. For the past two years he had been with Stock and Co.

The Old Grey Mare

My old grey mare ran well in her day,

And many a time I had little to

To buy her a feed that would give her pace—

But the old grey mare was bred to race.

Give her a tuft of grass and she'd go

All day long. And you'd never know

That she was down to starvation rate—

Truth, many a time she fed off a gate!

They bred 'em tough in the days of need,

And the old grey mare was true to the breed;

From a station mare by a sire unknown,

She wasn't class, and she hadn't tone.

But she had it over the ones of today.

She could run to the left or the other way.

Distance or weight no difference made—

The farther they went, the better she stayed.

She is sleeping now on a station

Sleeping out near the setting sun; But I know some day she'll be neighing for me

Down the bridle track to eternity.

Rural Members

Mr. W. F. M. Ross, M.L.A., of Waradgery

W. F. M. Ross of Waradgery, Galong, served in Palestine as a troop leader with the 1st Light Horse as a lieutenant and was most popular with his charges. Club members will readily understand why, because "Billy", as he is affectionately known, has a full and complete understanding with his fellow-man. Straight and to the point, he gives for what he receives and has thoroughly earned the esteem he enjoys.

A great and active sportsman, "Billy" was a member of the famous Harden polo team which won the Dudley Cup in 1925-6-7. The combination lost to the now equally famous Ashton Brothers in 1928, but it is worth recording that the Ashtons frankly acknowledge to all and sundry that they learned their polo from the Ross family. Actually, the Ashtons were defeated seventeen times in succession by the Ross combination before first tasting the fruits of victory.

"W. F. M." is quite at home among his sheep and cattle and can elucidate on their qualities. His whole bearing indicates a healthy life in the open spaces, but, whilst his intimates could ever visualise his roaming the paddocks and overhauling a ewe here and a wether there, little did they dream he would ever enter politics. His election to Parliament was not a surprise, but his nomination most de-

cidedly was. Popularity, in this case is the result of admiration by all with whom he has come in contact for he is at all times a man among men.

Mr. Otto Baldwin, of Durham Court

"The Baldwins of Durham Court" is a term of endearment used when referring to Otto Baldwin and his forbears.

There is a great deal of history wrapped round Durham Court, Manilla. It is one of the oldest stations in the State and early became famous for its cattle and blood stock. By the effluxion of time, subdivisions have eaten into the original holding but the property, to-day, is ranked among the very best.

Known throughout pastoral interests of the Commonwealth for quality output, the famous Durham cattle are known even to the man in the street.

Blood horse breeding has ever been tied up with the Baldwin interests and some of the finest stallions in the country have grazed on the paddocks of the "Court".

Otto is of retiring disposition but a great lover of sport. He takes it quietly but very deeply and his opinions are treated with the respect they deserve.

A keen student of stock, Otto possesses a keen eye for quality an attribute which is freely acknowledged on all sides.

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THE HARD-BOILED SHIRT

Christian Science Monitor.

Laundries in England, like plumbers, have long suffered unmerited attacks from the wags; but in the charge brought against them recently by a correspondent in the Times of London there was some justice as well as wit. He complained that they return the "stiff" shirt with its stud holes hermetically sealed.

It cannot be denied. As the hour of dining approaches conflict develops up and down the land, scissors are drawn, tin openers wielded. Panic is apt to occur, and happy the man who finds a breach honoured in the observance. What is the result. Too often a stiff upper lip produces a limp shirt, or, if it has been war to the knife, a garment rent in despair.

No doubt there are some who are privately of opinion that the shirt of Nessus was a boiled one, and who feel that a knight in shining armour is an anachronism; but to the conventional it still proves a certain social standing—and it will be long before the supporters of the triumphal starch give way.

In the circumstances, therefore, since these Nessus-ites appear neces-

Golf Club Notes

The last outing of Tattersall's Club Golf Club was held at the Lakes Golf Club on 7th July. Quite a few new members attended and found amongst those present many old friends.

Many of the members remained for the "Nineteenth", when the presentation of Trophies to the winners of the events for the day, the toast of the Donors of Trophies, and the thanks of the Club to the Committee of the Lakes Club for the use of the course took place.

The presentation of a Grandfather Clock to Mr. John Hickey, who resigned the office of Honorary Secretary at the end of last season, was a pleasant surprise to the recipient.

Complimentary references were made by various speakers to the capability and kindly interest that Mr.

sities, even those who imagine with the French that "one must suffer to be beautiful" will unite in pleading with the laundries to reduce the suffering to a minimum. Hickey had exercised in the interests of the Club during his term of office.

Mr. Hickey, in reply, gratefully thanked those responsible for such a magnificent token of appreciation of the duties he had carried out, and from which he had derived much pleasure.

The next event of note was the 8th Annual Ball on 23rd July last, when all present had a most enjoyable time.

The results of the outing held at the Lakes are as follows:—

Stableford Aggregate Four Ball.

- I. Stanford and J. Dixon 43+24, 67
- D. V. Clifton and D. F. Stewart 38+28, 66
- S. A. Brown and R. Alderson 35+29, 64
- E. Ireland and E. A. Nettlefold 40+24, 64
- S. Blau and G. Webster 39+25, 64
- S. E. Chatterton and A. W. N. Ward 31+32, 63
- E. Pratt and A. Peel 37+25, 62
- P. Schwarz and L. Tighe 31+30, 61

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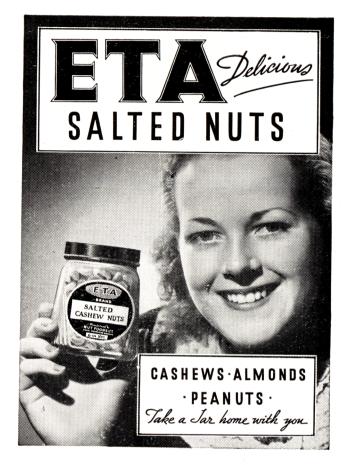
SPRATT'S BISCUITS. Full range for dogs, puppies and cats.

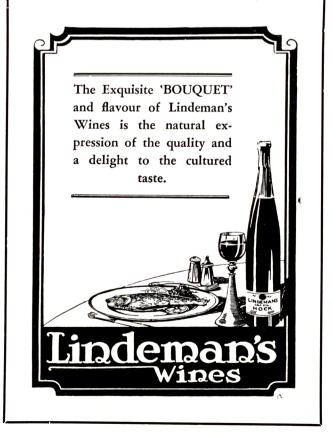
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The Philosophy of Golf

Every time I play golf with Randy Scott, George Burns, Bing Bob Hope, Crosby or establishes itself thought there are a lot of startling similarities between golf and life. All of us tee off in life, just as we do in golf; some find the fairway and some find the rough, but whether you shoot a 72 or a 92, the final score is comparatively unimportant so long as you play honestly, enjoy it, and help others enjoy it.

The secret of golf is to keep your eye on the ball. In life it is wise to keep your eye on your objective, concentrate on the job at hand.

Gene Sarazen once told me, after I'd flubbed a shot: Always remember this—don't quit on a shot." It's the same in everyday living. You start something and quit and wonder why it didn't pan out successfully. If you can't quit on a golf shot, its dollars to doughnuts that you can't get away with it in life.

Walter Hagen explained the secret playing: championship "When I get into a bunker or in trouble, I accept the penalty for it. I don't try to use a wooden club or a long iron; I take a niblick and am satisfied to get out. If you get into trouble, accept the penalty." How many of us, when we get into trouble in real life, instead of doing that, try to pull off a daring recovery? Accept the penalty of a boner or a misdirected effort, don't try to kid your mother or your teacher or your boss-or yourself.

There's a fellow out here who is despised by every member and every caddy. When he hooks or slices a ball into the rough, he improves the lie of the ball by stamping down the grass and earth behind it, while nobody is looking. But you can't cheat for long without some one's finding out. First the caddies started talking about him, then a caddy told a member and pretty soon every one in the club knew that this guy was a cheat. So don't ever think that you can break the rules and dishonour yourself without everybody finding it out.

Just because a fellow can outdrive you forty yards off the tee doesn't mean that he can beat you. The first shot doesn't tell the whole story. So just because some kid is born to wealth, and you're born without it, remember that the start is fairly unimportant. It's only when the ball drops into the cup that the winner is determined.

Slow on the backswing is a golf admonition. Don't jump at the ball is another. In other words, don't be reckless or impatient, take it easy

Main thing about golf is this: If you hit a bad shot or miss an important putt, forget about it. Golfers who brood about this bad shot they hit on the second hole will be betrayed into hitting another bad shot on the next hole. Its the same with life, certainly. All of us make mistakes, but you have to forget about them. Its the next shot that counts in life, not the last one.

A rub of the green is an old Scotch expression for anything unexpected that occurs in golf. You hit a swell shot down the fairway and you find your ball in a grass rut—its a rub of the green, unfortunate, but nevertheless part of the

game. In life a lot of things will happen that have no logic or reason. Dismiss them as rubs of the green, because the best laid plans of men and mice go oft astray.

Golf etiquette might be copied by all of us every day, for golf etiquette is nothing but courtesy. You don't talk or move when another player is about to hit a shot. Before leaving a bunker, you smooth out the sand scars left by your feet. You replace divots, those tufts of grass and sod torn up when you play a shot off the fairway. You applaud a good shot, sympathise with a poor shot. All of those things could be transplanted into everyday life, which has too much rudeness, too much thoughtlessness, too little applause and encouragement, and too little

To test the force and direction of the wind, golfers reach down and pluck a handful of grass and toss it in the air and then play the shot accordingly. If you're going in to ask the boss for a raise, test the wind. Don't pick out the day when he's doing an imitation of Grumpy of the Seven Dwarfs.

There are dissimilarities between golf and life, of course. Golf still is old-fashioned enough to insist that ladies can play on a course only after 1 o'clock. In everyday life the girls refuse to be discriminated against. They have the ballot, they sit on juries, there are women congressmen, women doctors, women lawyers, women writers. Only in golf is woman treated like the weaker sex.

There's one other difference. In golf they tell you to keep your head down. In life, from the minute you tee off, the idea is to keep your chin up.

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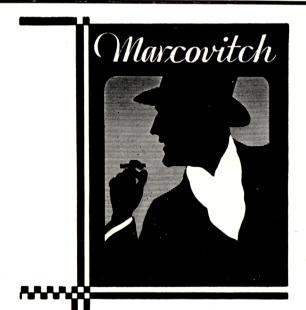


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By Car to the Continent

Solving the Problems of Preliminary Transport

By H. E. Symons.

A record number of British motorists took their cars to the continent last year, and, judging by the first few months of 1938, this year will see more GB plates than ever on the Continent. If you go to France, Germany, Scandinavia or Italy you have a chance of "getting away from it all", seeing fresh scenery, hearing a different language and eating different food. You have got something new to film or photograph and another topic of conversation when you return.

People are getting more original in the places they choose for motoring holidays in these days. The tyros to Continental touring still flock to France, but the number of those who visit Germany by road is going up by leaps and bounds. In many countries special inducements are offered to tourists from abroad. There are special rates of exchange and special prices for hotel accommodation and petrol and of course, in most of the countries that are not too far away, the roads are mostly first-rate; one no longer has to take spare springs and other weighty impedimenta, just because one is touring on the other side of the Channel.

With increasing confidence, more and more motorists choose Switzerland and Italy and what used to be Austria, for there is a particular charm in mountain motoring. The bulb fields in Holland are enchanting, but we can find plenty of flat country and flowers at home. The Alps and Dolomites, however, provide passes better than anything we can boast of in Britain, and a background of snow-capped peaks which we cannot find at home.

There are special charms about motoring in Norway and Sweden, not the least being that some of the steamship companies take your car over to Norway for nothing if you book a certain number of first class tickets! For the more venture-some there are Finland, Poland and the Baltic States, or the glorious Adriatic coast with the Balkans beyond. For autumn and spring there is the whole of North Africa to play in.

Obviously, it is not possible to give facts and figures about every country likely to be visited by mot-You can get all the information you want from the A.A. or the R.A.C., and although a tremendous number of people dispense with the services of either of these organisations when going abroad, personally, I would never dream of travelling without the valuable assistance of one or other. It may cost little more, what with the annual subscription and the fee for international touring papers, but in my opinion, it is worth it every time.

You can get the form which you have to fill in from the nearest local branch of the R.A.C. or A.A., and there is always somebody in the office who will help you to put down the particulars. You are then given a carnt de passage en douane with a number of detachable dockets, which are torn out every time you cross a frontier, so that the same book does for practically any country in (or out of) Europe. The motoring organisations will, of course, see that your passport is in order as well.

With the exception of those going to Scandinavia or North Africa, crossing the Channel is the only occasion on which the car has to be shipped. You can either send the car by cargo boat or take it with you on the passenger steamer, but the latter is a great deal more expensive. Personally, I always put my car on the cargo boat and travel in comfort on the passenger steamer

if I am going over by Folkestone/Boulogne, but it is worth noting that between Dover and Calais there are two special boats for carrying cars and passengers, the Autocarrier belonging to the Southern Railway's service, and the Forde of the Townsend Shipping Line. On both of these there is comfortable passenger accommodation.

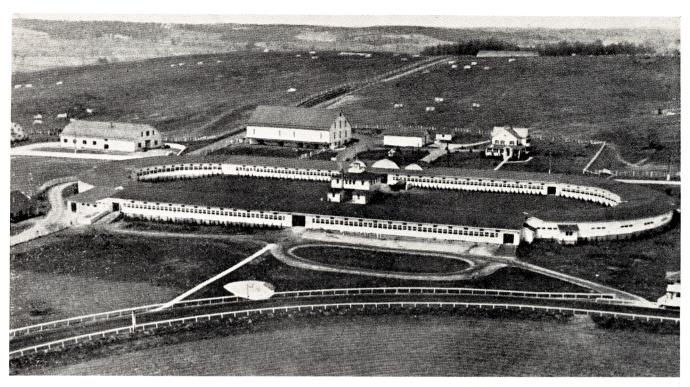
A little car with a wheelbase not more than 8ft. 6in., costs £2/5/6d. each way by any of the recognised car ferries or cargo boats, while £5 each way is charged for a car with a wheelbase of more than 9ft. 6in., but less than 10ft. 6in. There are many different routes, of which the following are a few: Dover to Calais, Folkestone to Boulogne, Newhaven to Dieppe, Dover to Dunkirk, and Southampton to Havre.

There is also a service from Dover to Ostend, which is used by those intending to go through Belgium to Germany, although an alternative to this is to make the shorter sea crossing by the Townsend line, from Dover to Calais for instance, and then drive direct to Brussels, or up the Belgium coast to Ostend. If one takes the direct route to the Belgium capital, it is actually quicker to make the crossing from Dover to Calais.

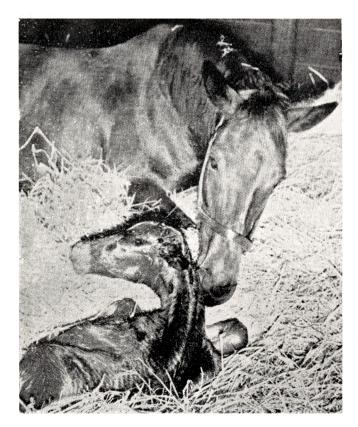
It is just as well to take a few spares with you, not so much because you are likely to need them, but going on the principle that if you go for a walk with an umbrella it won't rain!

Most manufacturers will let you have a set of spares on a sale-orreturn basis. The Wolsely people, for example, make a regular routine of loaning metal boxes containing small spares, so as to minimise the chance of their owners

(Continued on Page 20.)



Sagamore Farm spreads over 950 blue-grass acres of Worthington Valley, 17 miles northwest of Baltimore. Foreground (above) is a section of the three-quarter mile outdoor track. Behind is the quarter-mile indoor track, around which the horses in training are stabled. In background (left to right) is a garage, brood mares' barn, Mr. Vanderbilt's cottage.



This new-born filly, two minutes old, lies wet and weak on the straw. When the foaling season reaches it height at Sagamore Farm, foals are born at the rate of two or three a day.



Ten minutes later, the mother, Hindoo Queen, is on her feet. Her foal, whom she recognises by smell, has strength enough now to lift her head. Father of the foal is the great Discovery.

THE VANDERBILT STABLES

Acknowledged from "LIFE"

Young Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt determined to give some of his inherited millions a fly in the racing game. He could afford to indulge an expensive luxury and set about it in a big way. Luck, which is not always the companion of riches, came his way early in the enterprise. To-day he must have more than recouped himself for his original outlay.

The young millionaire inherited his love of horses from his father. When he came of age in 1933 he was given Sagamore Farm by his mother. In his third year he became the heaviest money-winner among

American horse-owners. That was mainly because he owned a great horse named Discovery, and sire of the foal which you see in a series of interesting pictures.

Not relying on luck alone, Vanderbilt has made Sagamore a most modern, scientific breeding farm. The investment in it is £187,500. Its monthly payroll is £2,500. In active training for racing are 60 horses, one-third of the total of the farm.

Having followed his racing horses from Long Island and Saratoga, in summer, to Maryland in autumn, to California in winter, he returns

in spring to Maryland. There, as the season builds up to the rich Preakness race, the 63 brood mares at his Sagamore farm are foaling their young, who are the future hopes of the Vanderbilt stables.

On May 14 of each year the Maryland season ends brilliantly with the running of the 65-year-old Preakness at Pimlico. Most influential horse-owner in Maryland, Vanderbilt has made this race and track his pet charges. The Preakness this year was worth £17,500, more than any other three-year-old event. Next year, he hopes to have the purse up to £25,000.



Within half an hour, the foal straddles on her wobbly legs. Born hungry, the foal instinctively seeks to nuzzle its patient mother for food.



On her feet at last. Her gawky legs are just as long now as they ever will be.

(Editorial Note: Scientifically this is not quite correct, although the growth of bone below the knee and hock is definitely less than above these points.)

Peter Jackson

ENGLAND'S PERFECT CIGARETTE

VIRGINIA No. 3 CORK TIPPED



A PRODUCT OF DISTINCTION



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A Product of Peter Jackson Ltd. 217 Piccadilly, London, W.I.

Pool Splashes

Dave Tarrant's Brilliant Win in 1937-38 Dewar Cup Contest

Hats off to the winner of the big trophy of the swimming season! Dave Tarrant will have his name inscribed on the valuable John Dewar and Sons Cup as 1937-38 victor.

No man has deserved victory more and no win has been more popular for Dave had previously been placed second in 1935-36 and third in 1936-37.

Second to Tarrant was George Goldie and he will be presented with a cup by Dave Tarrant who promised one for the swimmer who filled the role of runner-up. For a long time it looked as if Tarrant would win his own trophy.

Final points for the 1937-38 contest for the Dewar Cup were:—

C. D. Tarrant 171, G. Goldie 168, C. Godhard $162\frac{1}{2}$, A. S. Block $133\frac{1}{2}$, W. S. Edwards $129\frac{1}{2}$, A. Pick 113 N. Barrell $103\frac{1}{2}$, V. Richards $92\frac{1}{2}$, J. Dexter 86, L. Hermann $85\frac{1}{2}$, I. Stanford 80, J. Miller 68, G. A. Dougall 64, R. H. Curtis 60, N. P. Murphy $50\frac{1}{2}$.

Two valuable cups have been presented by Messrs. John Dewar and Sons Ltd. to the Swimming Club since 1929, the first having been won outright in 1935-36 by A. S.

Block and the second being in its second year of competition.

Placed men in the contests since the first presentation have been:—

1929-30: H. Robertson 1, S. Carroll 2, A. Richards 3.

1930-31: A. Richards 1, K. Hunter 2, H. Robertson 3.

1931-32: K. Hunter 1, C. Godhard 2, S. Carroll 3.

1932-33: C. Godhard 1, Dr. G. Clough 2, K. Hunter 3.

1933-34: A. Richards 1, K. Hunter 2, C. Godhard 3.

1934-35: A. S. Block 1, C. Godhard 2, S. Carroll 3.

1935-36: A. S. Block 1, C. D. Tarrant 2, C. Godhard 3.

1936-37: G. Goldie and C. Godhard tie 1, C. D. Tarrant 3.

1937-38: C. D. Tarrant 1, G. Goldie 2. C. Godhard.

Cuth. Godhard's record of one win and a tie for first, two seconds and three thirds is a remarkable one as he has not been out of a place in seven seasons.

Len. Hermann developed a fine patch of form last month and landed the June-July Point Score, the last of the 1937-38 season. As a fitting finale to the end of the season the final of the last race, over 40 yards, was a real thriller, with Goldie, Godhard, Edwards and Hermann 'finishing in that order with six inches covering them.

No wonder John Gunton, the Club Handicapper, wore the smile that won't come off as he went into recess until October, when he will be on the job again to adjust the marks for the first race of the 1938-1939 season, which will mark the commencement of the second decade of the Swimming Club's activities.

Winners of Point Score Trophies during the past season were:—

October-November, 1937: L. Hermann.

November-December 1937: W. S. Edwards.

December, 1937 - January, 1938: J. Miller.

January-February, 1938: G. Goldie and C. D. Tarrant, tie.

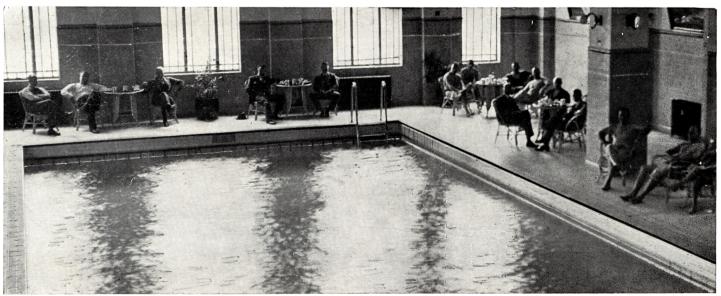
February-March, 1938: R. H. Curtis.

March-April, 1938: A. Pick

April-May, 1938: C. Godhard. May-June, 1938: C. D. Tarrant.

June-July, 1938: L. Hermann.

(Continued on page 14.)



The Club Swimming Pool.

POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from Page 13.)

Of the winners, Hermann, Edwards, Miller, Curtis and Pick had never won a trophy previously.

With the end of the season, the Swimming Club wishes to place on record its appreciation of the interest taken in its doings by members, both active swimming and other members of Tattersall's Club and of its officials. In the ten years the Swimming Club has been in action it is pleasing to note that each season sees an increase in both membership and enthusiasm which has justified its being.

The next season will commence in October when it is hoped that many new men will feel the racing urge and join up.

In the meantime, we have noted many of our members getting that extra-youthful feeling plus a summer tan per medium of the Duo-Therapy apparatus now installed in the Athletic Department. It is certainly a boon for members.

Results:-

June 30th: 60 yards Handicap: L. Hermann (36) and W. S. Edwards (35) tie 1, N. Barrell (41) 3. Time 35 4/5 and 34 4/5 secs. July 7th: G. Goldie (35) 1, C. Godhard (23) 2, W. S. Edwards (21) 3. Time 35 secs.

June-July Point Score: L. Hermann $22\frac{1}{2}$ points, 1; W. S. Edwards $20\frac{1}{2}$, 2; G. Goldie 20, 3; C. Godhard $19\frac{1}{2}$, 4; C. D. Tarrant $18\frac{1}{2}$, 5; A. S. Block 14, 6.

SWIMMING CLUB BALL

The date of this popular function has been changed to August 27th and those who have been to the Swimmers' Ball before, will not forget that date.

With all the vim and verve of previous years plus more it will be a night of nights with the swimmers showing their friends just how they can swim in the interesting Pool Interlude.

Floor shows and sparkling music will make it a night to be remembered but to make sure you won't be left out, book at the office at once for your parties.



Tattersall's Club Golf Club FIXTURE LIST

1938:

August 4th (Thursday).

Concord Golf Club.
Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.
Donors of Trophies: S. E. Chatterton, W. Ditfort and R. Barmby.

August 18th (Thursday).

Killara Golf Club. Stroke Handicap. Victor Audette Memorial Shield. Donors of Trophies: C. R. Tarrant, S. A. Brown and L. J. Herron.

September 22nd (Thursday).

The Lakes Golf Club.
Stableford Par.
Donors of Trophies: M. Polson, F. Gawler, and J. Harris.

October 27th (Thursday).

Manly Golf Club.
Stroke Handicap.
A. C. Ingham Cup.
Donors of Trophies: C. A. Shepherd, A. J. Chown and Fred Paul.

November 24th (Thursday).

Concord Golf Club.
Stableford Aggregate Four Ball.
Donors of Trophies: J. A. Fraser and J. S. Blau.

December 15th (Thursday).

N.S.W. Golf Club. Stableford Par. Donors of Trophies : Dr. D. B. Louden, R. C. Cathels and A. Butler.

1939:

January 19th (Thursday).

Manly Golf Club.
Four Ball Best Ball v. Par.
Donors of Trophies: W. R. Dovey, J. L. Ruthven and E. S. Pratt.

February 16th (Thursday).

The Lakes Golf Club.
Stableford Aggregate Four Ball.
Donors of Trophies: W. A. McDonald, Syd. Baker and W. F. Nelson.

The Road to Mandalay

Supayaulat and the Fate of Upper Burmah

How many travellers to the East have been startled to find that Mandalay is hundreds of miles from the sea, and that flying fishes are as unlikely to be on view there as a No. 9 bus to the Bank? Thereby proving that Kipling has made a more lasting impression on our minds than the master who taught geography at our prep. school.

How came Kipling to make such a blunder? Was his incomparable knowledge of the Indian Empire mere bluff or was he carried away by the euphony of the name of Mandalay and simply defied geog-

raphy?

I think the clue to the riddle lies later on in the ballad: "And 'er name was Supi yaw lat, jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen." If he knew the name of the last Queen of Ava, Kipling's old soldier must have been a member of the expeditionary force which sailed from Calcutta in 1885 to capture Mandalay. To him, the flying fishes of the Bay of Bengal, the old Moulmein Pagoda, and the paddle steamers of the Irrawaddy were all milestones on the road that led to the golden palace of Mandalay.

The verses catch the odd inconsequence so characteristic of nostalgia. The lack of sequence, the queer things one remembers, the much more important things one forgets. Practically everyone who has worked in the East suffers now and then from these fits of regret. The scream of a peacock on the lawn of a manor will bring one on, or the smell of burning cow dung in a bonfire at a farm. But I doubt if it is really the East that is calling us. More likely it is youth and romance and the ghosts of our dead selves. For most people go out East when they are young and sit back and think about it when they are middle-aged and are running to fat. Quite probably, Indians who have spent their salad days in Bloomsbury, suffer the same nostalgic longings, evoked, perhaps, by the sound of a pneumatic road drill or the taste of stewed prunes.

"On the Road to Mandalay Where the flyin' fishes play."

But Kipling's soldier was exceptionally lucky. His dreams were much nearer the truth than those of the retired major who remembers Poona in '94 as a little heaven on earth. For the Burmah Expedition was romantic. Romantic and fantastic, and much more like war on the musical comedy stage than as it is waged in the cold light of reality. Who could fail to enjoy a campaign where victory was never in doubt, discomfort of the slightest, and where at the cost of twenty-one lives, thousands of miles of a rich country were added to the British

Posterity has taken to looking at the annexation of Upper Burmah with a dubious eye. And just now, when opinion is divided on the question of recognising the Italian conquest of Abyssinia, it is interesting to remember the events that led up to it.

Lower Burmah had been in British hands since the second Burmese War of 1852, which added the Province of Pegu to the already ceded territories of Arakan and Tenasserim. The kings of the Alangpaya dynasty were a debauched and unprincipled lot whose sole idea of government was to extort all they could from their subjects, and, having bled them white, leave them a prey to famine and plague, as well as to the rapacity of marauding tribes of Talaings and Shans. Burmah under the Alangpayas was as war-racked and distraught as India under the last of the Moghuls and the British stepped in in much the same way, except that they were practically unopposed. The resistance of the Burmese was invariably feeble. Cruelty and rapacity are not qualities which inspire followers to doughty deeds, and although the Burmese accepted the Divine Right of Kings as part of their religion, they showed no great desire to sacrifice their lives in defence of their despotic princes. And

military exercises bored them, anyway.

So the Kingdom of the Alangpayas was pared down to Upper Burmah, where they continued to misrule in complete autocracy.

The dynasty only produced one king with any idea of responsible government. This was Mindon Min, who reigned from 1853 to 1878. For an Alangpaya he was amazingly humane, actually allowing his male relations to live, instead of slaughtering them at his accession, which was the custom of his race. As a king usually had over a hundred wives, and his progeny was apt to be numerous, these massacres had been on a grand scale.

During Mindon's reign, Europeans flocked to his court. They were on the whole a rascally crowd many of them fugitives from justice, and all of them out to make what they could, how they could out of the simple Burman. Mindon summed them up as an unpleasant lot, and, though he could not resist the lure of European goods and machinery which they introduced, he kept them out of his capital and only allowed them to exist on sufferance in a ramshackle town without his city gates. Of the British he was suspicious, which was not altogether surprising. He leaned on the whole, towards the French.

When Mindon lay dying his principal queen, the Alanadaw Queen, a masterful lady, flung all the royal princes and their families into prison, except Theebaw, whom by a trick she had proclaimed King. Theebaw was a drink-sodden weakling, entirely ruled by his Queen, infamous Supayaulat, daughter of the Alanadaw Queen. This energetic and determined woman took entire command of the government and, two years after Theebaw's accession, she ordered a grand pogrom of all the princes and princesses who had been languishing miserably in gaol since Two of the Mindon's death.

(Continued on Page 20.)

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

SYDNEY

SEPTEMBER RACE MEETING

Saturday, Sept. 10th, 1938

THE HURDLE RACE.

A Handicap of £250; second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase, after the declaration of weights, to carry 7lb. penalty. Nomination 10/-, acceptance 10/-.

ABOUT ONE MILE AND FIVE FURLONGS.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (Maiden Races excepted) exceeding £50 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Lowest handicap weight 7st. Apprentice riders only, allowances as provided by Rule 109. Nomination £1, acceptance £2. ONE MILE.

THE TRAMWAY HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1, acceptance £4.

SEVEN FURLONGS.

THREE AND FOUR-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. For three and four-year-olds at time of starting. Nomination £1, Acceptance £2 ONE MILE.

THE CHELMSFORD STAKES.

(Weight-for-age with penalties and allowances, for horses three-years-old and upwards.) Of £1000; second £150, third £100 from the prize. Horses that have won a weight-for-age or special weight race exceeding £400 in value to the winner to carry 7lb. extra. Horses not having, at time of starting, won a handicap exceeding £150 in value to the winner allowed: three years, 7lb.; four years and upwards, 14lb.; maiden three-year-olds, 10lb.; maiden four-year-olds and upwards, 20lb. Winners of weight-for-age or special weight races (except special weight two-year-old races not exceeding £150 in value to the winner) not entitled to any allowance. Owners and Trainers must declare penalties incurred and claim allowances due at date when making entries. Nominaton £1, acceptance £9.

THE SPRING HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £500; second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1, acceptance £4.

ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

THE WELTER HANDICAP.

A Handicap of £300; second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. 7lb. Nomination £1, acceptance £2.

Nominations for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. M. P. Considine, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on

Monday, August 29th, 1938

Nominations for the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force, and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

Amount of Nomination Fee must accompany each nomination.

If nominations are made by telegram the amount of fee must be wired.

The Committee reserve the right to refuse any nomination.

PENALTIES.—In all flat races (the Chelmsford Stakes excepted), a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

Weights to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 5th September, 1938.

Acceptances for all the above races are due only with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 8th September, 1938.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.

Billiards and Snooker

The annual billiards and snooker tournaments are now in full swing and members have rallied to the cause with enthusiasm anew.

This year, players have met their engagements on due date and although a start was only made three weeks back, the second round in both divisions is well under way.

Hans Robertson, as befits his prowess, has been placed on the mark of honour in each section, being on scratch in the snooker series and 150 behind scratch in bil-

Results to date reflect great credit on the handicappers for finishes have been remarkably close. Winning margins have been as low as seven, nine and eleven in the threeball game while L. Howarth (rec. 35) had to sink the last black to win in the snooker game against E. E. Davis (rec. 50).

At time of going to Press those who have weathered the storm are, Snooker: Messrs. S. E. Chatterton. W. G. Scott, L. Howarth, J. W. Plaskitt, A. T. Crick, C. E. Hall.

Billiards: Messrs. H. J. Robertson, J. H. Sears, "Oral" F. E. Headlam, A. T. H. Pittar, W. Hannan, S. E. Chatterton.

At the present rate of progress, it is probable that next issue will detail winners of the respective finals together with a brief description of the games.

General Notes of Interest.

Since last issue of the magazine Sydney has been visited by the various champions of England and Dominions. It had been decided for the gentlemen named to give an exhibition in our club but unforseen difficulties prevented it. We can, however, offer sincere congratulations to Australian R. "Bobby" Marshall, of Perth (W.A.) who proved himself the greatest amateur of all time Throughout the whole Empire tournament, which was played in Melbourne, Marshall averaged 49.4 per stick and during the subsequent tour of the various States, in exhibition matches, the same remarkable average was maintained.

Of the runner-up, Kingsley Kennerley of England, too much praise cannot be given for his sportsmanship or, though defeated, his ability. He is unfortunate to have "arrived" at the wrong time. Never before has amateur billiards of Marsuperlative manipulation been witnessed. He was freely voted

by each visiting champion; M. M. Begg (India), A. Burke (South Africa), A. Albertson (N.Z.) and Kennerley as "The Lindrum of the Amateur World." Higher praise would be impossible.

Shock for Joe Davis.
The defeat of Kennerley would come as a shock to our old friend Joe Davis, professional champion of England, who opined one of Kennerley's genius could not help but finish ahead of the field. Joe was thoroughly confident and expressed himself in such terms in newspaper interviews. Little did he imagine the rod in pickle for his protege.

Kennerley still has plenty of time to secure the highest Empire honours as he has just turned twentythree. One thing he is adamant on is that he will not turn professional until there is nothing left in the amateur field to conquer. Maybe Marshall will race him into the "cash" ranks. A tour of the Commonwealth with Walter Lindrum as opponent is already mooted. If this comes about the way will be open for a series of Test matches between England and Australia for we will have three doughty cueists in Walter and Horace Lindrum

(Continued on page 20.)



Kingsley Kennerley, of England, made certain of securing a good snap of his opponents in the Empire Billiards Championship. H the act of snapping Arthur Burke, of South Africa; Arthur Albertson, of New Zealand, and Champion Bobby Marshall.

RACING FIXTURES

AUGUST-DECEMBER-1938

AUGUST.

SEPTEMBER.

Canterbury Park Racing Club, Saturday 3rd Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 7th Tattersall's Club Saturday, 10th Victoria Park Racing Club, Wednesday, 14th Rosehill Racing Club . . . Saturday, 17th Kensington Racing Club . . . Saturday, 21st Hawkesbury Racing Club . . . Saturday 24th Ascot Racing Club . . . Wednesday, 28th

OCTOBER.

Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 1st

Australian Jockey Club (8-Hour
Day Monday, 3rd

Australian Jockey Club . . . Wednesday, 5th

Australian Jockey Club Saturday, 8th

Rosebery Racing Club . . Wednesday, 12th City Tattersall's Club . . . Saturday, 15th Victoria Park Racing Club, Wednesday,19th A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) . . Saturday, 22nd Kensington Racing Club, Wednesday, 26th Moorefield Racing Club . . Saturday, 29th

NOVEMBER.

Ascot Racing Club Wednesday, 2nd Rosehill Racing Club Saturday, 5th Rosebery Racing Club Wednesday, 9th Canterbury Park Racing Club, Saturday 12th Victoria Park Racing Club, Wednesday, 16th A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) . . Saturday, 19th Kensington Racing Club . . Wednesday, 23rd Rosehill Racing Club . . . Saturday, 26th Hawkesbury Racing Club, Wednesday, 30th

DECEMBER.

Canterbury Park Racing Club, Saturday, 3rd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) . . Wednesday, 7th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) . . Saturday, 10th
Rosebery Racing Club . . Wednesday, 14th
Rosehill Racing Club . . . Saturday, 17th
Victoria Park Racing Club, Wednesday, 21st
Australian Jockey Club . . Saturday, 24th
Australian Jockey Club,
Boxing Day Monday, 26th
Kensington Racing Club . . Tuesday, 27th
Tattersall's Club Saturday, 31st

Do You Know?

- ●THAT we have the finest indoor Swimming Pool in Australia, with sunlight, fresh air and sparkling water.
- ●THAT any man can, and every man should, learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- THAT to join the regular daily gym. classes it is only necessary to get into a gym. suit. The Instructors will help you to do the rest.
- THAT you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath. It's a cheap and pleasant method.
- THAT you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.
- THAT Duo · Therapy
 Treatment is now available to members in the
 Athletic Department.

The Mother State

A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature

SERIES No. 25.

THE STREETS OF SYDNEY

DURING the last seven articles of this series we have presented a brief sketch of the growth of the principal highways of this State, so that it is time now to pay some attention to the store of the streets of Sydney itself. In the course of the next few weeks we will outline the history of the more important and interesting of these city thoroughfares.

of these city thoroughfares.

UNLIKE the cities that were to be built after Sydney, the laying out of the streets of this city did not follow any very rigid plan. It was inevitable, from the haphazard nature of its beginning, that Sydney was not built on the lines of any predetermined plan. Those of the First Fleet, under the leadership of Captain Phillip, who selected that part of Port Jackson, which ultimately became Sydney, as the site of settlement for the penal colony, were not qualified as town builders, and worked only to meet the needs of the moment; and. again, there were few among them who had any conception of the future importance of the colony. To them it was nothing more a rather elaborate prison, with limited vision, they little pause to consider what might be its future fate. So it was that Sydney "just grew," expanding as the need arose, and, for many years with no design of building to meet future needs.



THE OBELISK IN MACQUARIE PLACE (close by the original site of Phillip's First Settlement), erected in the time of Macquarie to mark the starting point of the principal roads.

THUS we find Sydney has its winding streets and general lack of system in their laying out and in their widths. This haphazard policy of the early days may have produced a city with streets to gladden the heart of the romantically inclined, to whom narrow, winding streets have an irresistible appeal; but to those on whom devolves the task of traffic organisation they have been a source of great worry, while, in the necessary alterations to fit them to meet modern needs, many millions of pounds have been appent, and many more will have to be spent before the streets of Sydney will be adequately fitted to meet the demands of a city of such growing importance.

IN all fairness to his memory, it must be admitted that Phillip did have certain ideas of building Sydney to plan, but it is perhaps fortunate that his plan was abandoned, for in it he had decided that the flow of traffic should run approximately N.E. to S.W., and S.E. to N.W., instead of the natural north-south and east-west direction, which fits best the peninsula on which Sydney is built. However, Phillip's plan was never put into practice, and the streets of Sydney grew up over the tracks that were used by the early settlers. Which fact easily accounts for their strange windings and comparative lack of parallelism.

THE streets of Sydney would have probably been in a much worse order to-day if it had not been for the arrival of Lachlan Macquarie as Governor. It is little exaggeration to say that Macquarie was the first of the Governors to visualise a future for Sydney and New South Wales, and one of his first works after his arrival in New South Wales was to set about arranging the city streets. Not only did he see that definite names were given them (prior to his regime they had been named simply to mark the existence in them of some particular feature). but also he set to work to have Pitt-street widened, as well as several other disgracefully narrow thoroughfares, and made provision for the examination of the plans of projected buildings before construction began

The Road to Mandalay

(Continued from Page 15.)

princes managed to escape and fled to the British Resident, who shipped them across to Calcutta for safety. Much mud has been flung at the British for not preventing the massacre. The escaping princes certainly warned them that it was billed to take place, but who could tell how much substance lay behind their natural alarm, and if Britain could have summoned a force from India in time to prevent the massacre, would not posterity have believed that the possibility of a massacre was a trumped up excuse to invade the kingdom? When the slaughter became known, the British Resident was withdrawn from Mandalay as a protest. Doubtless nowadays the League would be consulted and sanctions applied, but the dead princes would be no less dead.

For six years Theebaw and Supavaulat reigned in the Golden Palace. A strange, sinister, romantic existence. The fairy story palace, with little Burmese ladies flitting like humming birds among the gilded pavilions. Playing childish games dressed in rainbow silks, hung with diamonds and rubies. While in the the victims prisons of tyrant's caprices languished, loaded with chains, or were clubbed to death, their dying screams drowned by the music of the Royal orchestras.

But Supayaulat was a spendthrift. More and more money was needed to satisfy her whims. The country was bled white and she turned to the foreigners. A treaty was prepared which virtually sold Upper Burmah to the French. News of it leaked out, and at last the lion stirred. England had felt compunction about annexing a kingdom which hung like a ripe plum ready for the plucking, but if she stayed her hand while the country was native ruled, she would brook no other Power plucking the fruit. Theebaw brought matters to a head by demanding a fine of Rs. 230,000 from the Bombay Burmah Trading Corp. on the excuse that they had failed to fulfil their contract. Britain stepped in in defence of the Corporation, and the world shouted: "See this nation which lifts no finger to prevent massacre, but calmly annexes a kingdom in the sacred cause of Trade."

The expedition sailed from Calcutta in October, 1885, and Kipling's soldier saw the flying fish and the Moulmein Pagoda, and made his way to Mandalay, practically unopposed by the comic opera army.

But even then the annexation was not a fait accompli. Lord Dufferin would have preferred a monarchy under British protection if the Calcutta Prince had lived or if there had survived a suitable Prince of the blood royal. But Supayaulat had done her work too well. Only one or two infant Princes had escaped; to have set one of them on the throne would have meant a prolonged regency with all its attendant uncertainty and intrigue. And about annexation, there is no ring of hypocrisy. It is an honest, forthright word.

So Theebaw and his fatal Queen were exiled from Burmah into what might be described as genteel retirement. The Government knew that Supayaulat's plotting would never more disturb their peace. The Burmans were heartily sick of her extortions. Lord Dufferin was sorry to have to put an end to the romantic little kingdom, but in the world of to-day there is no place for a fairy story of ogres and princesses in distress.

V. E. BANNISDALE.

Billiards and Snooker

(Continued from page 17.)

with Marshall to meet Joe Davis, Tom Newman and say, Sidney Smith.

The "Test" idea has been mooted for some time and the scheme, so far as Australia is concerned, is to play games at Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide at the one time and keep spectators au fait per medium of wireless. Sounds good and may be established fact in short while. Time marches on!

By Car to the Continent

(Continued from Page 9.)

being held up abroad. Speaking from memory, one pays between £6 and £7 deposit, which is returned when the box is handed back to the manufacturers service station. The contents of the box include a spare petrol pump, ignition coil, fan belt, gaskets, and so on.

I have often seen British tourists abroad with a miscellaneous collection of suitcases strapped insecurely to the luggage grid. Motoring trunks containing suitcases can now be obtained so inexpensively that I am surprised that more people do not use them. Besides, at many of the big stores you can get extremely inexpensive fibre suitcases actually made to measure to suit the luggage locker of your own car. They are quite strong enough for a few tours and have the advantage of being very light.

Owing to the variation of rates of exchange, I think it is wiser not to give figures as to the prices of hotels and petrol abroad. In general however, hotel prices are not higher than in England, and in many countries, such as Germany and Italy, where special rates of exchange apply to tourists, they may be quite a lot lower. Petrol in Italy, to quote only one example, is at present as near-as-no-matter the same price as in this country. It is best to find out what facilities exist for special prices of fuel and hotels when making inquiries regarding the particular country you wish to visit.

As in all things, a little preliminary work pays when setting out on a motoring holiday on the Continent. It saves a great deal of quite unnecesary annoyance when one is prepared for eventualities.

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